

Firebird

by TessaleeLark

Category: Miraculous: Tales of Ladybug & Cat Noir

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 06:00:26

Updated: 2016-04-13 06:00:26

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:52:29

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,356

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Celine LaFlamme is a girl just like any other living in Paris, until she discovers a magical barrette which grants her magical powers and take on the persona of Firebird. Along with her team of superheroes, Ladybug, Chat Noir, and Raven, Firebird must defeat the evil Hawk Moth and save Paris. (follows the plot of Season 1, with my OC's)

Firebird

Chapter 1: Where There Are Super Villains

I woke up early for my first day of school. It had been months since I'd seen the majority of people in my class, and I wanted to show them how I'd used the summer months to reinvent myself. I saw the sun slowly rise into the Paris sky, and once the morning light shone brightly into my window, I knew time had run out on me.

I looked into my mirror, looking up and down at myself, but paid particular attention to my face. My curly red hair fell just below my shoulders, and it kept getting into my eye on one side, so I often had to tuck it behind my ear. My pale skin looked unnaturally porcelain due to all the foundation I'd caked on, and my eyes looked much bigger with the eyeliner, and attention to detail I'd put into it over the course of 2 hours.

I had to admit that it was quite an improvement over how I usually looked, but I also had to say that if I saw myself on the street, I probably wouldn't recognize myself. Only my outfit (a simple pair of jeans and a form-fitting blouse) showed any indication that I was still me.

"Celine! Come eat!" my mother called from the kitchen, drawing me away from the mirror momentarily. I pinched my cheeks in the mirror to give them a dash of color before leaving my bedroom, and walking down the hall to the kitchen, sitting at the table in the center.

My mom looked pretty similar to me. She had the same curly red hair, that she always kept in a high bun, and the same green eyes and pale skin, but something about her was prettier—more regal. I never could place it.

"Eat up, sweetheart," she laid a plate of eggs on the table in front of me before she got a good look at me. She wasn't used to seeing all the make-up, as I normally went for a more natural look. I don't think she really knew what to make of what I'd done, so she stood there, staring at me for a minute, her head cocked to the side. I dug into my eggs to avoid looking her in the eye.

"You look—different," she said finally, wiping her hands on her apron, and going back to the stove with her back to me. She didn't have the heart to tell me how she really felt I looked like, I was sure. She always tried to support me in everything I did; it was just the two of us, and she always said her was her job to be my number one fan.

"Thanks," I felt my stomach turn slightly.

"Why the change of pace?" she eased into the subject.

"It's the first day," I said. "I just wanna be perfect."

"You'll look perfect, regardless," she smiled at me over her shoulder.

"Tell that to Chloé Bourgeois," I said.

"You really think she'll be in your class again?"

"Unfortunately," I said. "We get new people sometimes, but no one ever leaves. It's the same people every year."

"Well, then that means Marinette will be in your class too."

"My one saving grace," I thought about my best friend and smiled. We'd known each other all our lives, it seemed. I couldn't remember a time where we weren't running around Paris together.

"And who knows," Mom added, picking up my plate when I was finished eating. "Maybe there will be some new kids this year."

"I'd love that, but I doubt it."

"Be positive, Celine," she picked up my bag from the chair by the front door, and handed it to me, giving me a kiss on the forehead. "And good luck." I smiled back at her, before walking out the door, slinging my bag over my shoulder as I went.

It was a warm Paris morning, and as I walked the few blocks to school, I inhaled deeply, feeling the fresh air fill my lungs. I thought about waiting for Marinette at her house, just across the street from school, but she had a habit of being late, and I was not going to be late on the first day.

I couldn't have been more than a block away from school when I noticed an elderly Asian man walking ahead of me. He seemed pretty frail and weathered, but he was walking with a cane, and seemed to be

doing well enough, though very slowly. I didn't know what it was, but something about him held my gaze. He began to walk through a group of people on the street, and one of them people walked straight into him, knowing him over, cane and all. I expected the person to stop and help him, but they didn't; they just kept walking. Irritated at such rudeness, I ran up to the man myself, crouching down on the sidewalk in front of him.

"Are you okay?" I asked, grabbing hold of his arm. The man looked me straight in the eyes momentarily, and a strange feeling of knowing came over me.

"Yes, I'm fine," the man said as I helped him up off the ground. "Thank you, Miss. It was kind of you to help."

"Of course," I answered quickly, smiling. "That person was so rude as to bump into you, and not even bother to help."

The man nodded, "people like you are rare to come by."

I tucked the stubborn side of my hair that always got in my eyes behind my ear nervously at his compliment. I simply wasn't used to things like that. I also knew I was probably running late by now, so I made a hasty (but polite) good-bye, and dashed to school. When I got there, the halls still had some lingering students, so I started to walk at a normal pace to class. Most of the seats were filled with people, and like I'd expected, I knew everyone, as I had for years, and Marinette was nowhere to be found. The desks were set up like a small lecture hall. You had to go up stairs to get to your seat, and I took my usual place in a bench toward the middle of the room; the one Marinette and I had shared for years.

I looked around the room at my peers, suddenly self-conscious about the way I looked. I knew I didn't have time to fix anything, so I was going to have to deal with the work I'd done. Our teacher, who was dressed smartly with her hair in a bun, walked in at that moment, and started putting papers on her desk, becoming organized, and glancing around the room at us.

"Nino," she said, looking toward a boy who usually sat at the very top. I craned my head around to see him, and he was looking like he was going to fall asleep already, which was a common thing for him. "How about you sit in the front row this year?" Nino stood silently from his desk, and slumped to the front row. He liked to sit up high to avoid the teacher, but that obviously wasn't going to work this year.

"Hi, Celine," I shot my head to the side to see my best friend slide into the bench beside me, and place a box from her family's bakery on our desk. Marinette had her usual bright smile on her face, but then she noticed the amount of make-up I had on, and she had to force herself to keep it there.

"That's an interesting look, Celine," she rubbed the back of her head, moving her short black pigtails.

"Is it really that awful?" I frowned.

"No," she answered a little too quickly. "I guess I'm just not used to you wearing so much of it."

"I wanted to look good today," I said. "And for the rest of the year. Remember how I wanted to reinvent myself?"

"Yes, I do," she smiled, and placed her hand on my shoulder, "you you always look great no matter what. Just be yourself, and you're perfect."

I smiled widely at her, "you're the best."

Suddenly, there was a slightly loud bang on our desk, and we each looked into the face of Chloé Bourgeois. She looked just the same as she had last year; perfect and horrible at the same time with her light blonde hair tied into a ponytail and immaculate make-up on top of a scowl.

"Marinette Dupain-Cheng and Celine LaFlamme...", she began, her words smooth.

"Here we go again," Marinette said under her breath so that only I could hear.

Chloé was about to say something, but she saw my face, and I knew I was gonna get something, I just wasn't sure what. I mentally braced myself.

"Celine! Is there a clown convention in town today? Because you look like you would be right at home there!"

I looked down at my desk. "I think she looks great," Marinette said, and I squeezed her hand in thanks.

"Nobody cares!" Chloé cut her off. "And that's my seat that you're sitting in."

"But Chloé, we've always sat here," Marinette began, already uncomfortable. She wasn't one for confrontation.

"Well, it's over," Sabrina, Chloé's minion said from the other side of our desk, as if we were being ambushed. "New year, new seat." I never knew why Sabrina idolized Chloé so much, as she was normally a pretty nice person. However, I didn't know what their friendship was like, so I tried not to judge her for it. It was hard sometimes, though.

"So stand up, and go sit next to the new girl sitting there," Chloé pointed toward the front of the room, toward a girl sitting alone in the front row, in disgust. The girl looked up from the book she was reading, an irritated look on her face. I hadn't noticed her come in, but she looked nice enough with her dark auburn hair and glasses. I could tell she had no desire to be Chloé's friend, and that was good enough for me.

"Chloé...", I began to say in protest.

"Listen carefully," she interrupted. "Today Adrien is coming. And since that will be his seat, then this becomes my seat. Understood?"

"Who's Adrien?" both Marinette and I asked.

Chloë and Sabrina both laughed, as if they were in on a joke. "I'm dreaming," Chloë said. "They don't know who Adrien is! Unbelievable, what planet do you live on?!"

"He's a super famous model," Sabrina piped in.

"And I'm his best friend," Chloë added. "He's crazy about me. So move."

"Hey, who elected you Queen of Seats?" the new girl, who Chloë had pointed to earlier, and was suddenly standing behind her, said.

Chloë was unfazed, "Aww, do you see, Sabrina? We have a vigilante in the class this year." She got up in the girl's face, "what are you gonna do, super-newbie? Shoot rays at me with your glasses?"

"You sure you wanna know?" the girl asked, equally as unintimidated. Shocked, Marinette and I just stared. Most people never went up against Chloë like that because she was the daughter of the Mayor of Paris, and could practically get away with anything.

"Don't you have anything better to do, Chloë, then pick on people?" a girl named Eve asked from the bench directly behind the one that the new girl had been sitting at. She had a no-nonsense personality, and was one of the few who wasn't afraid to say something to Chloë about her nastiness. It seemed that was something she and the new girl had in common. Her dark brown hair was tied back in a ponytail, and her style of clothing mirrored mine, only it was a bit darker.

"Stay out of this!" Chloë snapped at her.

"Come on," the new girl had had enough of Chloë, and took Marinette by the arm, dragging her back to the bench where she had been sitting. Marinette managed to grab her box from our desk before being dragged, but she dropped it on the way down the steps, causing its contents to spill. I realized it was a box of macaroons from her parents' bakery, and I was sad to see a few fall on the floor. Always accident prone, and now embarrassed, quickly gathered up the macaroons, and sat in the bench beside her, and glanced nervously back at me, as we weren't used to being separated like this.

"Sit by me, Celine," Eve gestured to the empty space at her bench. "Give the Queen what she wants as per usual."

I stood from the desk, and sat down by Eve, now happy that I was now behind Marinette so we were basically still sitting together. I couldn't help but feel a bit strange, though. I'd rarely ever sat beside anyone other than Marinette in class, and I wasn't particularly close to Eve. She was always nice to me, though, so I didn't think I'd have too much of an issue.

"It's no big deal," the new girl said to Marinette, sensing her sadness over her dropped macaroons.

"I suck," Marinette responded. "I wish I could stand up to Chloë like the two of you." She looked toward Eve as well.

"So do I," I placed my hand in my palm.

"Like Majestia, you mean?" the new girl took out her phone, and showed a picture of a female superhero in a cape. "She says that the only thing that lets the forces of evil prevail is good people's inaction."

She pointed back toward Chloë, who had taken her seat beside on my old place, "and well, that girl is definitely a force of evil. The good people, are us. So we can't be allowed to be pushed around."

"She's right," Eve agreed, looking toward me, her light grey eyes understanding. "I heard what she said to you, by the way, and that wasn't right. You look good."

I tucked my hair behind my ear, "thank you." That was the second compliment I'd gotten today. From Marinette, I would expect things like that, but from others, it just didn't happen.

"_We _don't have any superpowers," Marinette added. "And it's easier said than done to stand up to Chloë."

"No way, don't worry," the new girl said. "Starting now, you guys need to be more confident."

Marinette took out the last two macaroons from her box, splitting each in two, and giving the three of us a piece. I always loved her parents' baking, and the macaroons were just as heavenly as ever.

"I'm Marinette, by the way," she said to the new girl.

"And I'm Celine," I piped in.

Eve introduced herself in-between bites.

"Alya," the new girl said, giving each of us a smile.

"Alright, has everyone found their seats?" the teacher asked, looking over the class, and starting to write something on the board.

"Alright, has everyone found their seats?" the teacher asked, looking at everyone, and nodding. "Okay, for those of you who don't know me yet, I'm Miss Bustier. I'll be your homeroom teacher this year."

"Aww, he's late," I heard Chloë say from the back, and I suddenly remembered that model that was supposed to be joining our class. "He should already be here!" I couldn't help but take some pleasure at her misery.

The rest of homeroom passed by uneventfully, and despite the fact that I was close to Marinette, it still felt strange to not be sitting next to her. Eve was friendly, however, and made a genuine effort to talk to me, which I appreciated. I'm sure she could tell how I was feeling, and just wanted to make me feel comfortable. Alya had been chatty as well, discussing various superheroes. I'd never given much thought to the subject before, but she was very

knowledgeable, and talking to her was certainly interesting.

The teacher directed us where to go once the bell had rung. Chloë's model friend never showed, and I sighed to myself, thinking she might have been making him up all together, and making Marinette and me give up our seats for nothing.

The four of us stood, and were about to leave the room along with the other classmates, when a distraction caught everyone's eye.

"KIM!" a large boy named Ivan was standing, and shouting at another boy, who was slouching in his seat, and smiling smugly. Ivan looked like he was out for blood.

"Ivan, what's happening?" Miss Bustier called from her desk.

"It's Kim," Ivan answered. "I'm gonna make him tasteâ€"

"Go calm yourself in the principal's office," she interrupted, not wanting to hear another word about it.

I finally noticed that Ivan had a piece of paper in his hand, which he promptly crumpled out of anger before leaving the room.

The four of us slowly filed out of the room. I'd expected both Eve and Alya to branch off from us, but they didn't. They stayed right beside us as we walked, and it seemed to me like we could be good friends. None of us had any interest in sports, so our other option was to go to the library for the period. We found an empty table in the middle of the room, and sat down. Alya went off and grabbed books on supernatural abilities, and started rattling off facts to us. I tried to listen, but I couldn't help but think about Ivan.

"Poor Ivan," I said. "Kim must've done something to him."

"You're right," Marinette agreed. "I don't know why he chose to pick on Ivan of all people. His temper isn't exactly a secret."

"He must have a death wish," Eve added.

"And here I thought the first day of school was always boring," Alya piped in.

"It usually is, believe me," Marinette said.

"Plus, it's only the first day, so I think more things are bound to happen today than on a normal day," I added.

They all nodded in agreement.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang, and all the tables and chairs in the room began to shake so much that Marinette and Alya fell out of theirs. Eve and I had to hold on to the table in order to stay steady.

"What's going on?" I asked, getting up from the floor.

"I don't know, but it sounded like it was coming from the hallway," Eve answered, glancing toward the library door.

"Come on," Alya helped Marinette off the floor, and all four of us rushed to where a small group of students were crowding around the main desk of the library. Up on the wall behind it were four monitor screens, each showing a different live feed camera of a different area of school. Three of them weren't showing any kind of activity, but the one that showed the front of the school was. There, on the sidewalk stoodâ€¦some kind of monster. A monster that looked like it was made entirely out of stone.

"What is that?!" Marinette asked to no one in particular.

The monster stopped its foot on the sidewalk, smashing the concrete into pieces. "Kim!" it shouted, before stomping away from the school.

"What's happening?" I asked, as students began to run from the library, but the four of us seemed to only be able to stare at the screen.

"It sounded like Ivan's voice," Marinette observed.

"How is that possible?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"That's crazy," Alya said, an excited look creeping onto her face. "He transformed into a _real _super villain!"

"Alya, I don't think that's possibleâ€¦" Eve tried to say, but Alya wasn't listening; she was too busy working on her phone.

"Bye, I'm not here anymore," Alya said after putting her phone away, and started to run out of the library with the others.

"Where are you going?!" Marinette called to her.

"Where there are super villains, there are always super heroes. No way am I missing this," she answered, before leaving.

End
file.